Autumn Is Here.

When it's time to take a fall out of your summer suit. It's time to call in yours and call on us for a substitute. Call and examine our new and complete line of

W. A. WASHBURN CO. HANCOCK, MICH.

FOR SALE!

THE MICHIGAN HOUSE, Corner of Oak and Sixth Streets, Red Jacket.

Lot 23 and 24, block 13, Calumet, known as he George's property on Lake Linden road. Lots 1 and 2, block 9, Tamarack City. Also improved and unimproved Farm Lands for sale and to lease. A large lot of Timbered Lands, in this and adjoining county, for sale.

Abstracts of Title furnished. Taxes paid

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. J. A. SHERMAN.

Room 3. Strobel Bld., Houghton, Mich.

R. R. TIME-TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. B.

In Effect December 29, 1898

p m Lv Red Jacket ... 8.00 7.40 10.10 11 15.05 ... Laurium ... 8.22 2.34 10.04 11.07 5.25 ... 8.20 7.40 10.10 11.07 5.25 ... 8.18 2.25 2.36 10.05 5.50 ... Hanceck .7.40 1.60 9.20 p m p m Ar Lv p m p m a m

*Daily *Daily except Sunday.

Passenger Trains on H. & C. R. R.

NEW STORE BUILDING For Rent.

In the Kauth Block, Hancock

Furnished with bardwood floors, plate-glass from, steel ceilings, electric lights, cement basement, etc. Apply to A. Kauth, on the premises.

McGLYNN BROS.,

Prices on application.

HANCOCK MICH.





Time Table:

In effect September 14, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON

From Marquette, Chicago and the Gozebic Rance. #1:30 p From Detroit and the east. #7:22 p *Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

For tickets, time tables and other inform tion apply to J. H. FORD, Ticket Agt.

Map of

Chicago

s St. Paul Hallroad. LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION



SOLID TRAINS FAST TIME! PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS. ORGE H. HEAFFORD, ON

Portage Lake News

Miss Mary E. Shelden the Ishpeming team. and Mr. B. T. Barry Wedded Today.

Rev. J. E. Curzon Officiated.

Church Beautifu'ly Decorated for the Occasion-Happy Couple Leave for Chicago. I

The marriage of Mary E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shelden, and Ben T. Barry occurred this morning at 10:30 o'clock at Trinity church, in the presence of a large number of assembled friends and relatives. The impressive seremony of the Episcopal church was

read by Rev. J. E. Curzon. The bride was attended by Miss Rubbell, as maid of honor, and Misses Nellie Gardner and Mary Edwards, as bridesmaids. The groom's best man was Mr. Lessing Karger, and Messrs. R. Skiff Shelden and Sam Karger acted as ushers. The bride was attired in white brocaded satin and chiffon, and the only ornament she wore was a large pearl crescent, the gift of the groom. She carried white roses. Miss Hubbell wore white organdie over white silk and carried maiden hair ferns. The bridesmaids wore white organdie over pale green and also carried maiden hair ferns. Mrs. Shelden, mother of the bride, was attired in heavy black silk, trimmed with white lace, and the aster of the bride, Mrs. S. J. Bowling. wore her wedding gown of white silk and embroidered tulle.

The bride's gifts to her attendants were gold brooches set with pearls, while the groom presented his best man and ushers with diamond and pearl cravat pins.

The church was made beautiful for the happy event by decorations of white China astors with smilax and ferns. After the ceremony the wedding party were served with breakfast at the home of the bride's parents. The house and table were beautifully decorated with pink and white China astors, carnation and smilax.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry left on the afternoon train for Chicago. They will also visit Jackson, Mich., the former home of Mr. Barry. They will return in about three weeks, when they will commence housekeeping in a home already prepared for their reception on Albion street, West Houghton.

Both the young people who start in life together under such auspicious circumstances have a host of friends in this community, who will wish them all happiness in their wedded life. The bride is a daughter of one of the oldest families in the county, and herself is a bright ornament in the society of the Portage Lake cities. Mr. Barry has been a resident of Houghton but five years, but in that time has become most popular by his genial ways and readiness to help along any object with his time and services. He is in business for himself and enjoys CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS | the good trade incident to continuing an old-established business.

> The burglar scare of the past few days induced the two Hancock banks to combine and employ a watchman to patrol the two corners Saturday night. About 11 o'clock the watchman got a little more strong drink into him than was compatible with his position and began to exceed his duties. When he observed two or three citizens standing on the corner conversing he would approach, with drawn revolver, and order them to "move on." Nightwatchman Ed Lee went down and notified President Baer. That worthy official caught the words "revolver" and "bank" and thought the dreaded visitation had come at last. When thoroughly awake he got out Marshal Malherbe, and the special watchman was disarmed and sent home.

Pashionable Dressmaking.

Madame Freda Flinch, formerly from Paris and continental cities, has opened rooms in the Hall residence, West Houghton, where she will be glad to see the ladies of Houghton and vicinity and where she has on hand an exquisite line of dress goods, in wool and silk, with a large assortment of trimmings, which she received from the best houses of business in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and London. Ladies can join her classes in dressmaking, which gave such immence satisfaction to the ladies of Calu-

A few young ladies, who are good sew

ers, can be received on application, A mission was begun at Trinity church, Houghton, today by Rev. Lewis T. Watson, mussion priest. It will be continued until October 8, and every day there will be four services, with gospel preaching and familiar hymns. The week-day services are celebration of holy communion, 7:30 a. m.; morning prayer, 10:30; children's service, 4 p. m., and regular mission service and sermon, 8 p. m. No collection will be taken, except at the Sunday services. E eryone is invited. Mr. Wat son comes highly recommended as an earnest worker and preacher and a deep thinker, and there will be something of profit for everyone.

The Houghton base ball club finished the season by defeating a picked nine from Hancock Sunday by a score of 18 to 3. The club will now disband and settle Though the club has not won many games, most of those they have lost have been by close scores and the patrons of the club have always been aforded their money's worth. Next year, no doubt, the club will be in the field

About twenty foot ball players at the Mining School are now practicing as candidates for the regular team. Mr. Brennan, of the Georgetown University, an

old player, has the team in hand and will decide on its personnel. He has plenty of good material to choose from, and a good team and one hard to beat will result. The first game of the season will probably be played next Saturday with

A Fit Guaranteed.

Having just returned from Chicago, where I finished a full course in cutting and fitting, and baving one of the latest drafting machines, I am prepared to do a fine class of dressmaking and ensure a perfect fit. Am also prepared to take in sewing at home, or will engage to go out by the day. MISS PENPRASE, Hancock.

It is likely that John Bogan, of Han cock, will be the democratic candidate for representative in the second district.

EFFECT OF HEAT.

The Human System Can Become Used to

a High Temperature. No one can tell how high a tempera ture man can endure until he is sub jected to the trial. The effect of an intensely heated atmosphere in causing death has been but little studied. 'Some years since," says Dr. Taylor, the eminent jurisprudent, "I was consulted in one case in which the captain of a steam vessel was charged with manslaughter for causing a man to be lashed within a short distance of the stokehole of the farnace. The man died in a few hours, apparently from the effeets of his exposure. Yet the engine rooms of steamers in the tropics have been observed to have a temperature as high as 140, and engineers after a time become habituated to this excessive heat without appearing to suffer ma-terially in health. In certain manufactories the body appears to acquire a power by habit of resisting these high temperatures. Still, it has been proved that many suffer severely.

"In a report on the employment of children (London) it is stated that in a glass manufactory a thermometer held close to a boy's head stood at 130 degrees, and as the inspector stood near to observe the instrument his hat actually melted out of shape. Another boy had his hair singed by the heat and said that his clothes were some times singed, too, while a third worked in a temperature no less than 150 degrees. Amid this tremendous heat they carry on work which requires their constant attention. They are incessantly in motion.

In the Turkish baths higher temperatures than this have been noted, but there is reason to believe that serious symptoms have been occasionally produced in persons unaccustomed to them, and that in one or two cases death has resulted. All sudden changes from a low to a high temperature are liable to cause death in aged persons or in those who are suffering from organic diseases In attempting to breathe air heated to temperatures varying from 180 to 200 degrees there is a sense of suffocation, with a feeling of dizziness and other symptoms indicative of an effect on the brain, and the circulation is enormously quickened. An inquest was held on the body of a stoker of an ocean steamship. He had been by trade a grocer and was not accustomed to excessive heat. While compied before the engine furnace he was observed to fall suddenly on the floor in a state of insensibility. When carried on deck, it was found he was dead. All that was discovered on a postmortem examination was an effusion of serum into the ventricles of the brain. It has now become one of the recognized causes of death in this coun-In some cases a person may sink and die from exhaustion or symptoms of cerebral disturbance may continue for some time and the case ultimately prove

fatal Death from sunstroke, when it is not immediately fatal, is preceded by some well marked symptoms, such as weakness, giddiness, headache, disturbed vision, flushing of the face, followed by oppression and difficulty of breathing. and in some cases stuper, passing inte profound coma. The skin is dry and hot, and the heat of the body is much greater than natural.

Walk slowly and don't fret, and you will not experience anything of that sort.—Philadelphia Times.

NEW HAND UNDERSTOOD

A Woman's Testimony as to the Value a Knowledge of German.

It was just a little informal gathering of women, and as they sipped tea with their hats on and gossiped about church sociables and of the preponderance of girls among the babies that had recently arrived, one of them let fall a Germa

"Oh, dear me! Do you speak German?" asked the tall woman from down east, who plumes herself upon having married a German broker and thinks she speaks German herself. 'How delightful!"

"Certainly," said the stout woman who was addressed. "I should think I ought to. I lived in Germany for ten years before I was married. It is a very useful thing too. My husband does not peak German, but I remember one instance when the knowledge of just one little German word was of great help to him. You see, I always made it a practice to begin teaching German to children when they were babies, and just teaching them one word at a time and saying that one word whenever it was appropriate until it was indelibly fixed in their memory. Now, when my last baby was beginning to walk, I wanted to teach her that the fire was bot, and so whenever she went near to it I would pull ber away and point to the stove and say, 'Heis!' I said it a great many times, and by and by she earned that 'heis' meant hot. Now, one day my husband was breaking in a new man at his factory, and he wanted to warn him about some dangerous place. The man was a German, and my husand was at a loss as to how to make him understand until, all of a sudden, be remembered having heard me in tructing the baby. So he pointed to the lace and called to the man, 'Heis! Heis!' The man's face lit up, and he turned to my husband and exclaimed; "'I understand you perfectly." -New York Sun.

Confused.

Mr. Frank Harvey, the actor, gives the following as the drollest slip with the text he ever heard on the stage. "I ence heard," he says, "a nervous, excited juvenile actor exclaim, 'Dare to harm one head of her hair and the last moment shall be your next!" "-Sketch.

BEREFT

Sleep, sweet spring, in the storms and glooms Of wintry skies; Wake not to contter thy lap of blooms. Dark be thine eyes!

Sleep entombed in the drifted lea, On frozen earth, Nor stir with the old swent mystery

Sleep in the seeds and scaly hoods Of bude fast scaled; Sleep for are in the naked woods; Die unrevealed.

Die in the firstlings of the flock
And shivering herds;
Blight, upon tree and moor and rock,
The loves of birds.

Sleep with the spawning frog and fish In crystal cave: Loose not, at nature's ardent wish, The fettered wave.

Sleep in the unborn Pascal moon And veil her horn: Freeze in the bells their holy tune For Easter morn.

Shroud the sun as he rises fast
To zenith blind;
Darken his day with garment vast
Of cloud and wind. Sleep, sweet spring, in the purple gloom Of the dawning year, Nor hither come with thy balm and bloom, Thy smile and tear.

Sleep! She sleeps who with burning brow
Longed sore for thes.

Possess thy soul in her patience now,
And, where she sleeps in the grave, sleep tho
Eternally,

—L. Dougall in Academy.

THE THRESHOLD.

"And this is the very last time," muttered the man as the door opened.
"The very last time," he repeated as he sat waiting in the pretty, glowing drawing room.

Then she came in, and the room be came beautiful, because prettiness was not of her.

They sat together and talked, and during a little interval the man's heart jogged his elbow in an irritating way and murmured, "This is the very last

"Yes!" said the man aloud, and she smiling, asked to what his affirmative referred. Then they talked again on various

subjects which related to the man, for she knew all his past and something of his future. "Why are you sad today?" she asked after awhile.

The man hesitated. "Because * . .] don't know why I am sad; at least I can't tell you.' "May I tell you a little story?" asked

"Please."

"Listen, then, but remember my stories are not personal. There was once a man who never was a boy because he and been unable to spare the time. Being a boy or even a youth uses up a lot of time at the beginning, when time seems short, and adds it on to the end, but circumstances and loneliness in strange places made it impossible for the man in my story to invest time in this way. So he skipped boyhood and youth and went straight into manhood in a strange country.

"And what effect on him did that have?" asked he in the drawing room, who had become interested after the

story's first sentence. She who told the story smiled and, continuing, said: "It had on him the effect of tropical sun upon vegetable life. It made him premature in all ways, but strong also and glorying in his strength. A great deal was shut out of his range of vision, and his life's limits were narrow, but in those limits very intense. To him the world was himself-he and his work, his aims, his strength. Nothing else, you understand. Having missed youth, enjoyment did not come into his so look about him for life's soft lights and its music and so never saw or heard them. He had no time."

"Yes, it was a pity. Well, then one day, by chance, he met Femininity-happened upon her, munching cake and sipping tea. Femininity smiled prettily at the man and offered him cake and tea, which he took with nerveless fingers, gasping and staring the while in pleased amazement. Then Femininity's rosy, dimpled fingers went tripping daintily up and down the keyboard of a piano and she sang to him, every note in her rippling little ballad twanging a response on one of the man's heartstrings. And he asked himself • • • • Well, let me see. He asked himself"—

"Why." interrupted he who listened in the drawing room-"why he had never before known that this was the world and how he had been led to think that his life was the real life of the world.

"Yes, that was what he asked himself. And so dainty little Femininity, smiling all the while, drew aside the curtains, which had hidden from his range of vision the Byzantine alley wherein she lived, and he, looking down the alley with her, decided that it was the real world; that his world so far had been a dreary fantasy of his own creation. The man's lights were no wide or deep, but very intense, and of course he laid his heart, new found, reverentially and unreservedly at Femi ninity's feet. Femininity laughingly ac

cepted the heart, and then"-"Meeting another man at the corner of her alley," said the listener, "threw the heart down, still laughingly, and went back to the piano with her new

friend. "Exactly. Well, now the man was in very sorry plight, because he had lost his own world—the self created, fantasy-and being forsaken in the new world by her to whom his heart had been given he could not find his way. Disillusion blinded his eyes with tears and, groping about in the Byzantine

"He met Fron Fron. You must let me tell this piece, "said the man in the drawing room. "He met Fron Fron, who happened to have wandered carelessly from out her Moorish alley emininity's domain. He looked like a man, so Frou Frou welcomed him with ascinating, lower Bohemian good fellowship, and swung aside the rich dra-pery and heavy perfumed curtain which had hid from his view the world of brighter, flashing lights and dancing music in which she lived. Looking into the world, the man drew a long breath of satisfaction, and, as Frou Frou challenged him with brimming champague glass upraised, he said, 'This is un glass upraised, he said, 'This is un-doubtedly reality—the abandon of real life in the actual world—unlike my previous fancies, which were absurd.' And when the very first grayness came and the flashing lights paled in the dawn hour, Fron Fron, being tired and alegpy, carelessly laid open the pages of

her frailty's private diary-and the man read. Having read, he knew, and was numbed. So, in the ghostly morning twilight, he groped his way out into the No Man's Land which lies between the alleys of extreme and realized that he had not fought the real world after all. Still, he had lost his own, and when

. . . Well"-"No," said she who listened, "you cannot tell this part. I must, for he did not go into another alley, you know. He wandered into the cloisters of a white marble temple, because, in the brightness of the sunlight which came after dawn, he saw a pure presence—a girl—standing on the threshold. He approached the presence, so he longed for rest, though after his two phases he felt he had no right. She was so pure and white; the innocence of knowing nothing gleaming on her forehead. She could not, like the others, conduct him into her world, because she had not yet crossed the threshold of the temple herself; and she knew nothing of that which he had lived and seen. Still she was a girl, and his worship pleased her. Very sweetly, though all unknowingly, she belped him to take his stand beside ber on the threshold; she understanding nothing, and never dreaming but that he, too, had the earliest phases to pass and could enter her temple with her. But when her innocence of ignorance had spread itself round the man for

awhile, the crude purity of it—the"—
"The nothing knowing, nothing seeing, nothing understanding spotlessness of it all almost choked him," said the man in the drawing room. "And he realized that since he had not at the beginning found this world be could not enter it now, or at least not accompanied by the cold whiteness of the 'little maid who bath no breasts,' So now, in real despair, he turned away from the classic temple, feeling not only that he had failed to find the real world, but was unfit to be taken into it. Then, as he walked miserably away, an angel from

heaven came across his path and laid her cool hand on his forchead, so that'— "No, dear! A woman—only a woman. But she showed him that he was already in the real world and that she was, too, but that he kept going into little phases of life, and, thinking each was life itself, was almost broken hearted when he found himself unfitted to live in a phase. He was very happy with the woman, because he loved her, and yet, thinking that he must be of some one of the phases-the little phases-he had seen, not knowing that they were of him merely, he fancied the woman must

be apart from bim; that"—
"This must be the last time?" "Exactly. But, ah, the woman un-derstood. She knew that he was really of the same life and world as she. She thought-that he loved her, and''-

"She loved him?" "Yes, dear!"-A. J. Dawson in St. Louis Republic.

Sailors Victimized at Buenos Ayres.

It seems that at many ports abroad great injury is suffered by British ship ping through the crews of vessels being enticed away from their ships, necessitating the obtaining of other and in many cases incompetent hands. In Buenos Ayres this practice is very prevalent, so much so that the attention of the British government has been drawn

The supplying of new crews at Buenos Ayres is left in the hands of certain boarding house keepers, and it invariably happens that no hands can be obtained at all while the vessels are lying in dock. If they could, the men would be shipped before the British consul, and then matters would be put right. The mode of procedure is to let the steamer leave the dock, and while in be river the sailors and firemen-the men-are brought off in a small boat, apparently in a state of drunken-ness. The master has no choice but to take the men, and the shipping agent or boarding house keeper gets a fee of about 16 shillings for each man.

In the case of one steamer cited it is alleged that the men of the original crew were bribed to leave the ship, and when she was going out the captain found that all the new hands had been drugged before they came on board and were unable to do any work. For 14 hours the steamer had to come to an anchor, and when the men regained their senses they went to the captain and told him their signatures to their advance notes had been obtained from them fraudulently. The captain, being anxious to help the men, applied to the British consul, who for some reason was unable to take up the case. The system carried on is one not only of expense to the shipowner, but also of danger to the ship. - London Chronicle.

The future of the moose, oldest and blest of the game animals on this continent, is a matter that has interested a good many people. Mr. Braithwaite, who has lived among these animals all his life, says there is no danger of their diminution in New Brunswick. They shed their antiers before the snow be comes deep in winter, and the sportsman who endeavors to carry away hornless moose is always roughly dealt with by the magistrates down in the settlements. The only relentless enemy of the moose is the lumberman, who in the depth of winter can make good use of the meat. But in the region which is the subject of this article there is little lumber, and so there are few lumber nen. The degenerate Indians of the vilages seldom trouble themselves to hunt, and the few moose killed by hunters are as nothing compared with the young ones destroyed by the bears. Bruin gets trapped because his coat will average \$20 to his captor. There are no wolver in this wilderness, so the prospects for the moose are getting better instead of worse. And if there are thousands of moose, there are tens of thousands of caribou.—Frederick Irland in Scrib-

The Robin and the Caterpillar. The robin hops along in the furrow and picks up worms as the farmer plows, which it ents itself or carries to ts nest as food for the young robins. The robin prefers smooth coated worms such as the common earthworm, but if uch food is scarce it does not disdain the fuzzy caterpillar. It is an evil day for the caterpillar when a robin strikes it. The robin picks it up and shakes it and shakes it until it shakes the spines out of it-the fur, as the children call the caterpillar's fuzzy coating—leaving the caterpillar bare in patches and sometimes all over and shaken all out of shape. Then the robin eats it or car-ries it off to feed its young.—New York

MASON COUNTY Pure Rye or Bourbon

Is an absolutely Pure Whiskey, aged in wood and bottled by the distillers in full quart octagon bottles. For sale by all first-class dealers. Beware of imitations. See that our name is on the cap and label.

THACKERAY AS AN EDITOR

Was No Good at the Business and Had a Wholesome Distike For It. Thackeray was no good as an editor. He took his duties too seriously. He never cared much about the postman at any time, but after he became editor of The Cornhill he hated the man's knock and ring, says Joseph Hatton, the English writer. It was not the work of editorship that worried him, but the cries of the im that worried aim, not the character aim postors, the persistence of the quacks and duffers who haunt the editorial letter box and try to elbow aside modest genius and prey

to chow aside modest genius and prey upon good nature.

Thackerny was sensitive to a tale of dis-tress, spurious and otherwise, and writhed under complaints or suggestions of in-civility, however unjust. He did not em-ploy a responsible and discreet subeditor, or at least one never hears of that useful factorm. He evidently opened all the discreet interest hunself, many of them at ditorial letters himself, many of them at home. He did not make an office business of them. He never got clear of them. His conscientiousness became a perpetual sting, and he could think of nothing else but The Cornhill Now Dickens, on the other hand, was an editor with method, and he had an invaluable subeditor in Mr. Wills (not Wills who wrote "Charles the First"), though even Dickens could not edit a daily newspaper. And, after all, who wants men of genius, writers of im-

aginative literature, to bother themselves with the presale work of editing anything But, oh. the modesty of some of the men who did not deem themselves clever enough or wise enough to write for Thackeray's Cornhill! Some of our young novels by the yard and are ready to put forth their opinions on any subject at any moment might find an object lesson in Mr. Motley's letter in which he is obliged to confess, like Aguecheek, that he has "no more wit than a Christian or an or-dinary man." He "feels sure" that he dinary man." He "feels sure" that he should be "a bore were I to try my hand as you desire." Then there was Dr. John Brown of "Rab and His Friends," who writes: "I am ashamed of my shab biness to you, but the truth is I m forced to write. If you were to make your printer command me to have something ready by a certain date, I could do it, but if it is left to my own sweet will it is left forever. "-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Stumbling Blocks In Grams I suppose hardly any one who has ever written 20 pages of English will deny that this want of a genderless pronoun for the third person singular is the greatest defect of our language and one that has never been successfully supplied and never will be till the common sense of the people steps in and overrides by its flat the decrees steps in and overrides by its first the decrees of the authorities. The clumsy makeshift "his or her" has been as persistently rejected by the language instinct of our race as it has been urged by grammarians, and the crities may shout themselves hoarse telling us that in such cases the masculine pronoun is to be regarded as including both genders; the language sense of the average English speaking person will never tolerate its intrusion in such a sentence as this: "Either the husband or the wife will change his opinion." Nine person is only the sentence as the sentence of the sentence as the sentence of the sente wife will change his opinion." Nine peo-ple out of ten-nay, ninety-nine out of nundred-if they haven't the fear of the schoolmaster before their eyes, will say in such a case, "Either the husband or the wife will change their opinion." In fact, this usage is now so common in conversation that it may almost be said to have and examples of it can frequently be found in the best writers. Ruskin never hesitates to employ it when it suits his convenience to do so. Fielding does the same—as, for example, "Nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him"—and though I am not very familiar with the writings of Charles Reade here is an in-

stance of the same sort taken at random from him, "Everybody was on deck amus-ing themselves as best they could." This usage points us to the only prac-tical way out of the difficulty. The queen's English must step down from its throne when the sovereign people take it in hand. -Chautauquan.

Concert Going.

No one would be called a true lover of literature who merely busied himself with hearing a series of declamations of a few well known pieces, simply applauding each succeeding conquest of their hack-neyed technical difficulties. Yet how many concert goers pride themselves on a love for music when they are simply seeking the excitement of witnessing successive acrobatic feats with the fingers of the larynx. How many otherwise cultivated people have to be laboriously taught as if they were mere children to bear with revce all the great musical works of the erence all the great musical works of the past and to welcome with eagerness those of the present? Concert going always in-volves the insidious danger that a lower impulse shall be mistaken for a higher than the mere sensuous craving for a transient gratification shall be confounded with the real thirst for permanent musical culture. Happily this danger is always being opposed by the better class of per-formers, to whom interpretation is as sa-cred and noble an art as composition, and in whose hands the creations of the past are being continually made new.—Forum.

This word is in "Ralph Roister Dois-ter," circa 1550, III, 3: And where he is louted and laughed to scorn For the veriest doit that ever was born And the veriest lighter, sloven and beast Living in the world from the west to the east.

Tusser uses the word in "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," 1580, page

181 (E. D. S.): For tempest and showers decelueth a menic, And lingering lubbers loose many a penic. And lingering labbers loose many a penia.

The word "lubbers" was in constant use in the sixteenth century and occurs at least twice in Udal's translation of Erasmus "Apophthegmes." Almost 200 years before this Langland told of the "greta lobres and longe" who were too idle to work.—Notes and Queries.

The Judge and the Lawyer

In an alteration between counsel and the judge the judge, after several attempts at conciliation, remarked, "Well, I have done all I can to promote peace, but the result reminds me very much of the fable of the old man and the ass."

The counsel, with visible irritation in his counterance, wished to know which of these antimes explicit to him.

ose entities applied to him.
"Neither in particular," was the reply

"but, considering our respective ages, you cannot object to my saying that I am the old man."—Green Bag.

"Leanshanks has left the stage."
"What's that for?"
"He couldn't stand playing Macbeth
th the banquet left out."—Chicago

WM. EDWARDS & CO., Sole Proprietors. ADDITIONAL CALUMET NEWS

For Pedro score cards and markers go to the News office Smokers, if you have falled to find a

sigar to suit you, try "Heimileh's

Crown," the best in the market. William Klink has opened a bicycle repair shop at No. 2 Tamarack, where he is prepared to do all kinds of bicycle repairing. Mr. Klink is a thorough me chanic and guarantees satisfaction.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent ulcers and open sores DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve speedily heals them. It is the best pile cure known.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

I hereby give notice that cows passing through my property, Section 9, by North Tamarack pasture, will be impounded in the Calumet township pound. JOSEPH GARDNER.

"Boys will be boys," but you can't afford to loose any of them. Be ready for the green apple season by having DeWitt's Colie & Cholera Cure in the EAGLE DRUG STORE.

Many a day's work is lost by sick head sche, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

Meat Market For Sale.

such difficulties.

Owing to ill health I am anxious to dispose of my business with all utensils, wagons, horses, etc., complete as a running concern. For further particulars apply to Charles Salassa, Pine Street.

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